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MORMONISM AS IT IS.

Joe Smith, the Prophet, in his early visions, condemned polygamy; but in his latter days, after decreeing a special law, to himself, proceeded to lay down the general law, as it is now received by the Mormons, as the prime article of their faith, and the corner stone of their social polity. Thus it runs:

"And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood, if any man espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to see no other man, then he is justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery, with that that is given to him, and none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore he is justified."

Let the first wife should not give her consent, provision is made for dispensing with it.

"And again, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches him the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she be his, and he shall be her husband, and she shall be destroyed, with the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor; and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham, according to the law, when I commanded Abraham, to take Hagar unto wife.—And now as pertaining to this law, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold I am Alpha and Omega. Amen."

Let us look a little at the practical workings of the system, as seen and described by Mr. Ferris in his book just published.

Domestic Economy.—Polygamy, says Mr. Ferris, is introducing a new style of building at Salt Lake City. A man with half a dozen wives, builds, if he can, a long low dwelling, having six entrances from the outside; and when he takes in a new wife, if able to do so, adds another apartment. The object is to keep the women and babies as much as possible apart, and prevent those terrible cat fights which sometimes occur, with all the accompaniments of Billingsgate, torn caps and broken brass-sticks. As the "divine institution" extends, these buildings increase, and in a few years the city will look like a collection of barracks for the accommodation of soldiers. Some have separate buildings in parts of the city remote from each other, and others have them house, and the wives are thus kept separate, the husband dividing his time between them all.

Effect of Polygamy upon Population.—The effect upon a population is decidedly deleterious. The prophet Joseph had over forty wives at Nauvoo, and the rest of the priesthood had various numbers, corresponding to their standing and inclination; and nearly all the children of these polygamous marriages died at that place; indeed it is alleged by Mormons that not one was taken to Utah. Brigham Young has thirty children, of whom eight are by his first and second lawful wives; the remaining twenty-two are by his spirituals. He has about fifty wives, some of whom were widows of Joseph Smith, and are probably past the time of having children; but supposing him to have thirty who are capable of having issue—which is below the true number; the twenty-two children would be less than one child to a concubine.—If each of these degraded females could have been the honored wife of one husband, the aggregate number of children, according to the usual number of four in a family, would be one hundred and twenty, showing a loss in population of ninety-eight.

The children are subject to a frightful degree of sickness and mortality. This is the combined result of the gross sensuality of parents, and want of care towards their offspring. As a general rule, the saintly pretenders take as little care of their wives as of their children, and of both, less than a careful farmer in the States would of his cattle; and nowhere out of the "Five Points" in New York City can a more filthy, miserable, neglected looking, and disorderly rabble of children be found than in the streets of Great Salt Lake City.—The Governor again, whose attention to his multifarious family we are bound to suppose greater than the average, affords a fair illustration. He was twice lawfully married, and has eight legitimate children, who are all living. He has had a large number of children by his concubines—no one knows how many—it is only known that there are only twenty-two surviving. These females do not reside in the Governor's house, so called, but in different es-

tablishments, from one up to a dozen in a place.

Progress or Indecency.—"Their system of plurality has obliterated nearly all sense of decency, and would seem to be fast leading to an intercourse open and promiscuous as the cattle in the fields. A man living in common with a dozen dirty Arabs, whether he calls them wives or concubines, cannot have a very nice sense of propriety. It is difficult to give a true account of the effects which have resulted from this cause, and at the same time preserve decency of language. The Saints are progressive. Last year, (1852) they seriously discussed the subject of introducing a new order into the Church, by which the wives of absent missionaries might be sealed to Saints left at home.—There are a number of cases in which a man has taken a widow and her two daughters. There are also instances of the niece being sealed to the uncle, and they excite no more attention than an ordinary case. How far the plague spot is to spread in this direction remains to be seen. Brigham Young stated in the pulpit, in 1852, that the time might come when, for the sake of keeping the lineage of the priesthood unbroken, marriage would be confined to the same families; as, for instance, the son of one mother would marry the daughter of another by the same father. There has been some talk of going even beyond this, and allowing the father to seal his own daughter to himself."

The Harem of the Priesthood.—"The high priest dignitaries of the Church are exceedingly skillful in procuring young girls for wives. They inculcate the idea that elderly members, who have been tried and found faithful, are sure instruments of salvation than the young, who may apostatize; and as marriage to one who remains steadfast to the end is essential to escape from the fate of being angels, a great many young women are fooled into this hollow and seeking condition of prostitution. Elder Wilford Woodruff, one of the twelve apostles, has a regular system of changing his harem. He takes in one or more young girls, and so manages after he tires of them, that they are to ask for a divorce, after which he beats the bush for recruits. He took a fresh one, about fourteen years old, in March, 1854, and will probably get rid of her in the course of the ensuing summer. These maneuvers are practiced more or less by the whole gang; the girls discarded by one become sealed to others, and so travel the entire rounds round when they accomplish the whole circuit, and are ready to start anew, they have a profoundly realizing sense of female modesty, to say nothing of some of its adjuncts."

The Mormon Wife.—"A wife in Utah, cannot live out half her days. In families, where polygamy has been introduced, she suffers an agony of apprehension on the subject which can scarcely be conceived, much more described. There is a sad, complaining, suffering look, obvious to the most ordinary observer, which tells the story, if there were no other evidence on the subject. In most cases it is producing premature old age, and some have already sunk into an early grave under an intolerable weight of affliction. The man from the moment he makes up his mind to bring one or more concubines into the family, becomes always neglectful, and in most cases abusive to his wife."

Idolatry in Japan.—An officer in the U. S. frigate Powhatan, writing from Japan, says: "Idolatry is everywhere to be seen, even more than in China; and statutory seems to be very common. The graveyards are full of rude sculpture, and images of gods and heroes, placed there as tutelary guardians on the tomb-stone, or for some such purpose. Tibetan letters and sentences are used as charms about the graves, no one knowing at all what they mean; if they were intelligible, the charm would be broken. Temples are common, and wayside divinities present their weather beaten faces every few rods."

Blackberry Syrup.—"To two quarts of blackberry juice, add pulverized nutmeg cinnamon and allspice, half an ounce of each, and pulverized cloves one-fourth of an ounce. Boil these together to get the strength of the spices, and preserve the juice. While hot add a pint of pure fourth-proof French Brandy, and sweeten with loaf sugar. When cold bottle up for use. Give a child two teaspoonsful three times a day, and more if necessary to check the disease. Adults require larger doses."

A Boston Judge has sentenced a Mr. Owen O'Brien to three years imprisonment in the State prison for polygamy.—The amorous youth has reached the tender age of eighty. His last wife has not yet been emancipated from her "teens."

What would Mormonism say to this sentence.

"Guilty or not guilty?" said a Judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as yer honor pleases. It's not for the likes of me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

The poorest business an honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of a reward.

THE TOLLING BELL.

Not many months ago, in one of my Summer rambles, I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath morning the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all arose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time-piece must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband solemnly. "There has been a death in the village. The bell is going to toll for Martin Lord!"

"Such then is his unhappy end!" mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence it is so in this case."

"Is it a person who had been long sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said:—"There is a very melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original.

Martin Lord was once the flower and hope of one of the most respectable families in the village.

His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarkable for his uncommon beauty; and indeed his fine noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth; entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the daughter of our late clergyman, who died of grief about a year ago.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most thoughtless girl of our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was, it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was an autumn evening, nearly five years since, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin of course was present with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, songs, and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaiety of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the churchyard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin. "No body can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts."

"You do, yourself—you know you do, Martin, although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella. But Martin only laughed. "Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some idea that such things may exist. Go to the churchyard alone in the dark, and then declare, if you can that you have left no fear."

"And what would that prove?" "Why, you will be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid if you did not feel there was something to be afraid of?"

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing. "Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the churchyard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"How bravely you can talk!" said Is-

abella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes you. I don't at any rate. Why, you hadn't courage enough, the other day, to help kill a rabbit; your mother told me so!"

"I never like to enrage or witness pain, if it can be avoided," answered Martin, blushing.

"Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse. You are brave enough, to be sure; but tender-hearted! Come now; you dare not go to the churchyard this night alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts or not, you are afraid of them."

Martin was extremely sensitive; but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him so to the quick. Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove his courage. "But," said he, "although I have no more fears of churchyards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and apple-trees, I am not going to walk half a mile merely to be laughed at."

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so," laughed Isabella. "Here, before these our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours," she continued, displaying one given her by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with, "provided you go to the churchyard alone, in the dark, and declare on your honor, when you return, that you were not in the least afraid."

"Agreed!" said Martin, buttoning his coat, for the night was cold.

"And as evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring back with you the iron bar which you will find close by the gate said Isabella."

This driven by mounts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the churchyard, which was approached by a lonely dreary path, seldom travelled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin on that gloomy road. I judge from the circumstances which afterwards came to light, and compare his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Slight as he was in frame, and tender in feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the churchyard, stopped a moment, perhaps to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground, for the stars shone dimly in the clear cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar, which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows and come towards him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone in an instant. Courage gave place to desperation, his hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror; still he stood his ground. The spectre drew nearer, seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination of the farce, they rushed to the spot, one of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling upon a prostrate figure, his fingers clenching convulsively his throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help. His wild features exhibited the very extremity of terror.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At that moment, the bearer of the lantern came up. Its light fell on the blood stained and distorted features of Isabella. Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek and fell senseless upon the corpse. He never spoke again but lived—an idiot!

A frightful confusion of Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed scepter with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might alone deprive her of breath. He never knew afterward what he had done; for never a gleam of reason illuminated the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that Heaven, in its mercies has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it light and life in a better world.

Mrs. Partington says she was much elucidated last Sunday, on hearing a fine discourse on the parody of the prodigious son.

A horse exhibition for Ohio and Pennsylvania is to take place at Salem, Columbiana co., Ohio, shortly.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition. To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:—"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has, therefore, commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain."

The criminal submitted to his fate, thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged he was strapped to a table, and at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently picked with the point of a pen.—At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it.—The patient believing that it was blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversations of the doctors in an undertone confirmed him in this opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."

"Hush!" and the other, then approaching the first he asked him in a low voice, but as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."

The physician then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices.—The stiffness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was also lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.

"Did as the Rest Did."—This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gaming room, or other haunts of licentiousness.—He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him! Surely "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better.—He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor wretch strives hard to bring up his daughters genteelly. They learn with others,—to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

Burn or Man Dose.—We find the following in an exchange paper:—"An English journal says that an old Saxon has been using for fifty years, and with perfect success, a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, by the agency of which 'he has rescued many fellow beings, and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia.' The remedy is to wash the wound immediately with warm vinegar and tepid water, dry it, and then apply a few drops of muriatic acid, which will destroy the poison of the saliva or neutralize it, and the cure is effected."

A writer in a whig exchange coincides in the opinion that a new party should be formed, and proposes the name of the "Republican party." The "Republican" name will do very well, if the Whigs are ashamed of their present designation; but if they want to surprise anybody, they had better adopt republican principles.

Richard Graft, of North Carolina, advertises that he has discovered a certain and reliable remedy for smut in wheat, by a new and chemical preparation of seed.—If true, it is a most valuable discovery.

THE DIFFICULTY AT GREYTOWN.

The original cause of the insult offered to Major Borland was the protection he gave to Capt. Smith, whom the city of Greytown sent its City Marshall, a negro to arrest, and take from the steamer Prometheus. The facts as to Capt. Smith's case are compiled from the evidence given on the subject by the *Washington Star*, and are as follows:—

It seems that Captain Smith, of the American steamer Routh, navigating San Juan river, some months since dismissed one of his native pilots, named Antonia, a ferocious fellow, who subsequently threatened to take his life on the first favorable occasion. On the down trip of the Routh, when Mr. Borland was a passenger on her, coming home, she lost most of her rudder by an accident, and was for the most part steered with setting poles.

"When about eight miles from San Juan she became unmanageable in a narrow channel of deep and rapid water. To save her from 'grounding,' Captain Smith ordered her to be made fast to a 'bongo,' (native boat) lying near at hand, which proved to be the boat of Antonia. The latter had the rope of the steamer cut loose, and seizing a double barreled gun leveled it to shoot Captain Smith, who was standing with the steamer's wheel in his hand. A woman on board the bongo, however, jerked the gun from his hand, and ere he could recover it, the steamer being loosed from the bongo, was swept violently away by the current—grounding on the other side of the river. In their efforts to prevent this catastrophe, the bongo lost two of their setting poles, near the bongo, and as soon as possible the steamer heeled over so to recover them.

"On her second approach towards the bongo for that purpose the ex-pilot again seized his gun, and ordered Capt. Smith not to approach nearer, or he would shoot him. He made his threat, and prepared to carry it into execution, though he saw that Capt. S. was at the wheel, surrounded by male and female passengers, and the boat was almost wholly unmanageable.—Smith, finding it impossible to stop her headway, and fearing that he would shoot in the crowd of passengers, stepped out of the wheelhouse instantly, when the ruffian squatted down, and raised his double barreled gun to shoot, but S. was too quick for him, as he seized his rifle and shot him as he was on the point of pulling trigger. These are the facts of the shooting affair as testified to by Dr. Smith, of San Francisco, Adams & Co's express messenger, and a lady passenger, who, as well as the Hon. Mr. Borland, were in the wheelhouse at the time."

LONG-LIVED PEOPLE.

A man destined to a long life has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black. His skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project, and his hands are large but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad arched chest; a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they turn his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasures which they communicate. He does not eat for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and aversion. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger he experiences a youthful glow of warmth, an artificial fever, without an overflow of the bile.—He is fond, also, of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honor or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

There has been a riot in Manchester, England, growing out of some city missionaries endeavoring to preach in the streets. The missionaries were driven off by the mob.

William M'Ree, a resident of Noxubee county, Mississippi, was arrested on the 19th ult., for shooting one of his negroes, causing death in a few hours.

Children strengthen the love of married people, just as an additional hoop makes a cask firmer and water-tight.